Pip’s Monologue

Estella you know I love you, I understood that Miss Haversham meant us for one another. I know I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house. It would have been cruel of Miss Haversham to practise on the susceptibility of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope of marrying you. If she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that in the endurance of her own trial, she forgot mine, Estella.